

## Blackheads are a confession

of the use of the wrong method of cleansing for that type of skin that is subject to this disfiguring trouble.

The following Woodbury treatment will keep such a skin free from blackheads.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired result by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.



To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash-cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. Thereafter, use the above Woodbury treatment in your daily toilet.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2826 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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gested to McHugh that he read the part until Carlton's return. But the manager's jaw was thrust well forward.

"I'll step on these nerves at the start," he muttered. "Tommy! Cheer up! Nobody's going to make you stand in the corner. Go ahead. Only don't read like you was telephonin' 'Frisco. Gentle. Gentle. Coney Island boat stuff—talkin' to your best girl."

Tommy took the book again, but he had borrowed Dolly's moroseness. He read now in a voice unstressed, sullen, barely audible.

At the close of the rehearsal Dolly apologized to Quaile.

"I get the queerest feelings in here," she defended herself. "Remember, it takes me back forty years. These new faces don't belong. They make me miss my old friends."

She glanced over her shoulder. She spoke sharply:

"There's a cat around here."

Quaile started.

"Not unusual on any stage," he answered.

"But I haven't seen one," she said, looking from side to side with a perplexed manner.

"Then why are you so sure?"

"I'm one of those unfortunates," she replied. "Cats give me the creeps. I can feel them before I've seen or heard them. They make me want to scream. They make me think of death."

Quaile tried to laugh incredulously. Nevertheless he spoke to McHugh, who directed Tommy to make an exhaustive search of the place. The next morning Tommy reported his perfect confidence that there was no cat in the building.

FOR several days the rehearsals progressed with smooth haste.

But Carlton, returning after a week, brought back restlessness and dismay to the building. By chance, Quaile met him on the sidewalk at the alley entrance. The man did not look very ill, but his eyes were unsteady. His movements lacked smoothness.

Quaile shook hands.

"I'm glad to see you back, Carlton; but you don't like your part," he said baldly.

Carlton was frank.

"You've guessed it, Quaile."

"Going to throw it over?" Quaile asked. "It seems scarcely fair after stringing McHugh along."

Carlton moistened his lips.

"I sha'n't throw it over."

Quaile took the other's arm and led him to a restaurant across the street.

"I want to talk to you," he said shyly.

He found a quiet corner and ordered a bottle of mineral water.

"Now, for heaven's sake, Carlton, tell

me what's up. Don't think I've forgotten the gossip you gave me the other day. You almost make me believe you're seriously afraid of Woodford's."

Carlton looked up.

"Suppose I was?"

"Then," Quaile answered impatiently, "you'd better throw the part over. It's childish. We've worked there for a week. It's all right."

Carlton raised his glass. His voice groped.

"May be waiting for me."

"Of course we've been."

"Not you," Carlton said slowly.

Quaile gasped.

"Who, then? You're off your head, Carlton. Should I say—what, then?"

"Probably that," Carlton answered.

IT was impossible to read derision in his voice, or to suspect a hoax in his haggard appearance. Either the man had been drinking, or else he was, for the moment, unbalanced. Those alternatives must have been in his own mind, for he burst forth defensively:

"I'm not off my head, though I'd rather think what you do."

"Good Lord, Carlton! You haven't been brooding over that old woman's talk! Or have you heard something?"

"I've heard something," Carlton said. He drained his glass and set it down.

"I believe you're friendly, Quaile. I'm glad to tell somebody this. I want somebody to know, if anything goes wrong in there with me this afternoon, it won't be an—accident."

"What are you driving at?" Quaile asked.

"I mean," Carlton answered, "that I've forced myself to come down to-day to find out if there is actually a force in that theater capable of preventing my playing Woodford's part."

It annoyed Quaile that his scorn rang artificially in his own ears.

"What am I to think of you? I realize now that the day of the reading you were not sick. You were afraid."

"You're right. Principally the latter," Carlton admitted. "I'd had my first warning that afternoon. The second came the next night."

His face twitched. He looked up appealingly. The word, however, stimulated Quaile.

"Warnings!"

"Yes. There have been several."

Quaile's interest grew. Warnings were tangible factors whose source could be traced.

"How did they come?" he asked eagerly.

"Letters?"

"Out of the air," Carlton answered. "That's as near as one can put it. Out of the air. Don't think I'm mad, Quaile. They seemed to be from Woodford."

Quaile sat back.

"Have you been fooling with spiritualists? That's absurd. Tell me definitely about these warnings."

As Carlton was about to answer, Tommy rushed in from the street on the wings of duty.

"Better hustle," he cried. "I've been looking everywhere for you two. Mr. McHugh's getting hotter by the minute."

The worst of it was, Tommy clung. Carlton had no opportunity to speak privately, nor Quaile to urge him, before they were in the presence of the irate manager.

"Too bad you're only a week late, Mr. Carlton," McHugh snarled.

Quaile clambered across the footlights, walked to McHugh, and whispered:

"Let it go. Another queer angle! We'll get it out of Carlton after rehearsal."

"All right," McHugh called. "Mr. Quaile takes the blame. You ought to be ashamed, Quaile, to make a little fellow like him late for school."

He elapped his hands.

"All your first-act props on, Mike?"

"Yes, Mr. McHugh."

"Then chase your shadow off the stage. Get set, everybody. Mr. Carlton ought to know his part. No books to-day. Tommy, you hold the script, but don't prompt until you're sure they've nothing on their minds but their hair. Dolly!

Smith! Ready for your entrances. Orchestra!"

He whistled a few bars, off key, from a popular song.

"Curtain!"

He hauled at thin air with his hands.

"Empty stage. Enter Dolly. Come on, Dolly."

They stumbled through the first two acts to an accompaniment of valuable sarcasm.

CARLTON held Quaile's attention. The mechanics of a good actor survived, but that was all. His work showed no animation. His voice was uneven, his gestures futile. As the third act started, it was clear enough that Carlton faced with reluctance the big scene during which Woodford had died. It was at that point that he had left, the day of the reading. It was there, doubtless, that the warnings of which he had spoken had centered. Yet what could conceivably happen? That the lights should expire again was unthinkable; but Quaile confessed his doubt by strolling down to the footlights and leaning over so that he could see the switchboard.

Dolly's sharp exclamation altered his thoughts. He turned to the old woman. The color had left her face. Her eyes sought every corner of the stage, even explored the shadowed auditorium.

"What's this?" McHugh roared. "Jump on the chairs, girls. Dolly sees a mouse."

But Quaile knew, and he guessed that McHugh knew, what had startled the woman. He tried to caution her with a glance; but her eyes were still vainly seeking. She spoke from a tight throat.

"No. But, I tell you, there is a cat on this stage."

Carlton swayed against the table. He clutched the edge, staring at Dolly like one who has seen a prophecy fulfilled.

"I didn't see any cat," McHugh said.

"I feel it. I know it's here," Dolly answered. She shuddered. "It frightens me. What does it want?"

Barbara tried to quiet her.

"It's all right. There isn't any cat."

Carlton took a long breath. He straightened, and resumed his speech. But his voice lacked body.

Barbara's manner, too, was without assurance. Her denunciation failed to ring with conviction. When she defied Carlton, telling him the police were in the house, the words scarcely carried to Quaile at the footlights.

Carlton followed the business with an automatic precision. He walked to the mantel and snatched up the heavy candlestick. He had the bearing of a somnambulist.

Dolly, according to the directions, screamed her line:

"Marjorie! Look out!"

Barbara shrank against the wall, her hands raised, gasping:

"Be careful! What are you going to do to me?"

Abruptly Carlton turned, lifting the candlestick, about to start forward. His lips moved. The words came huskily:

"Pay what debts I can. Kill you, if the strength—"

THE candlestick slipped from his hand; his voice died away. He toppled, crashed to the stage, lay motionless, his pallid face upturned to the shadows beyond the lights.

The rest held their poses of the moment rigidly. The very point, the very line at which Woodford forty years ago had died! It was Dolly's scream that released them.

Quaile, as he vaulted the footlights, saw the old woman spring back as if something in passing had touched her.

He ran to Carlton's side and knelt. McHugh came up, breathing hard.

"He's fainted," the manager said. "Tommy! Get some water here! Quick!"

Quaile stretched out his hand and fumbled beneath Carlton's coat. He snatched his hand back.

"Good God, McHugh! Not fainted! There's no use. He's gone."

To be continued next week